My words would bandy her to my ſweet Love,
And his to me, but old folkes many faine as they were dead,
Unweildy, ſlow, heavie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes: O honey Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nurſe. *Peter* ſtay at the gate.

Jul. Now good ſweet Nurſe, O Lord why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou ſham'ſt the Muſicke of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me with ſo ſowre a face.

Nurſe. I am weary, give me leave a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeake, good, good Nurſe ſpeake.

Nurſe. Jeſu what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Doe you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou do'ſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou do'ſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and I'le ſtay the circumſtance,
Let me be ſatisfi'd, iſt good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chooſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better than any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: hee is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy waies wench, ſerve God. What? have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no, but all this did I know before,
What ſayes he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My backe a tother ſide, ah my backe, my backe,
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and downe.

Jul. Iſaith I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet Nurſe, tell me what ſaies my Love?

Nur. Your love ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kinde, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou repliеſt,
Your Love ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman.
Where is your Mother?

Nurſe. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward doe your meſſages your ſelfe.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coile, come, what ſaies *Romeo*?

Nur. Have you got leave to goe to ſhrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to Frier *Laurence* Cell,
There ſtayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheekes,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climbe a birds neſt ſoone when it is darke.
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight,
But you ſhall beare the burden ſoone at night.
Goe, Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune, honeſt Nurſe farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy Act,
That after houres with ſorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, Amen: but come, what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervaile the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Doe thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,